

Psyclon Nine

"Anaesthetic"

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Suffered a legion of blood and despair

Naked and twisted scratching in this empty skin

Perverse and destroyed

A forgery of what used to be

Drowning in the absence

Of self sustaining chemistry

Delay, decay

Filling up the cavity

To staunch the sickly feeling of death, of death

Killing me the tragedy

This torture scene is purity

You will see inside of me

The growing of this malady

Do I fade away

Do I gasp for air

Do I live out a life that was preset

Even if I struggle to the day I die

Do I waste my time

We'll just live out our lives anesthetized.

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